

The Middlebury Register.

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MIDDLEBURY, VT., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 31, 1858.

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THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER.

OFFICE IN COBB'S BLOCK, MAIN STREET.

COBB & MEAD,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

JEREMY COBB, EDITOR. REUBEN MEAD, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

TERMS.

THE REGISTER will be sent one year, by mail, or delivered at the office, where payment is made strictly in advance, for \$1.50. Delivered by carrier, paid strictly in advance, 2.00. If not paid within six months, 2.50 cents additional. No paper discontinued until arrears are paid, unless at the option of the proprietors. All communications must be post-paid. V. B. FALMER is agent for this paper in Boston, New York and Philadelphia.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING

Done in modern style, and at short notice.

BUSINESS CARDS.

N. HARRIS M. D.,

Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist.

Teeth filled with Crystalized Gold, all operations done in Dentistry as usual, office at his residence on Park Street, west side of the Little Park.

H. KINGSLEY.

Surgical and Mechanical Dentist.

Rooms in Brewster's Block, Main St., one door North of the Post Office.

All operations upon the Teeth will be performed in accordance with the latest improvement in the Art and warranted.

DR. JENNINGS

Would take this method to inform the public, that he has concluded to make this place his residence, and would here express a gratitude to his numerous patrons in this, as well as the surrounding towns, and hopes he may still merit their patronage.

Dr. Jennings, would inform his patrons that he has again taken rooms at the Addison House, where he will give his undivided attention to all who will give him a call. Middlebury, Nov. 20th, 1857.

WILLIAM B. RUSSEL,

Physician and Surgeon,

Middlebury, Vt.

Special attention given to treatment of diseases of the throat, and consumption by Inhalation.

Office at the residence of Dr. W. P. Russell, second house north of the Post Office.

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Physician & Surgeon,

Having resigned his Professorship in the Connecticut Medical College, and also having terminated his engagement with Middlebury College, will give his entire attention to his profession in this place.

CHURCH—This establishment by the Addison House, 174 Main Street, Middlebury, Vt.

Office at his residence, first house North of the Congregational Meeting House.

Middlebury, Nov. 26th, 1856.

GRATEFUL FOR PAST FAVORS, Dr. O. J. KELLS would announce to his numerous patrons, friends, and the public generally, that he has taken into connection, in the practice of Homoeopathic Medicine and Surgery, R. C. GREENE, M. D., a graduate from the Western Homoeopathic College, at Cleveland, Ohio. By this arrangement Dr. KELLS and GREENE hope to be able (in a good degree) to supply the constantly increasing demands for Homoeopathic Remedies for the State.

West Cornwall, March 31, 1858.

JOHN W. STEWART,

Middlebury, Vermont,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,

AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

CALVIN G. TILDEN,

Fire and Life Insurance Agent.

Office, in the Engine Building.

Middlebury, Nov. 26, 1856.

A. H. COPELAND,

DEALER IN

Books, Stationery, Magazines,

NEWSPAPERS, AND CHURCH PUBLICATIONS.

At the Telegraph Office, near the Bridge.

S. HOLTON, JR.,

DEALER IN

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY,

AND FANCY ARTICLES.

Near the Bridge, Middlebury, Vt.

All work done in a neat and durable manner.

At low rates.

E. MCCLURE & CO.,

BAKERS,

Middlebury, Vermont.

J. C. O. REDINGTON,

Lawrenceville, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.,

Teacher of Vocal and Instrumental Music.

Agent for all kinds of music merchandise.

Orders promptly attended to, and satisfaction warranted.

Middlebury, Jan. 1, 1858.

GEORGE M. BROWN,

TAILOR.

Notifies his friends and customers, that he has opened a shop in Stewart's building over the store of R. L. Fuller, where he will attend to all business in his line.

Cutting done to suit customers.

Wanted—a good Journeyman.

Middlebury, Oct. 15, 1856.

MIDDLEBURY

AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE

AND

IRON STORE,

JASON DAVENPORT,

Wholesale and retail dealer in all kinds of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

IRON, STOVES, HARDWARE

CUTLERY, JOINERS' TOOLS, &c.

Middlebury, Vermont.

ADDISON HOUSE.

THE subscribers would respectfully give notice that they have leased the "Addison House" for a term of years, and that the proprietors have refitted the house in every part, and the subscribers have re-furnished it with a large amount of new furniture, and nothing shall be wanting on their part to make everything comfortable and pleasant for their guests. Excellent studies and the best attention for horses will be provided. Country residents will find a pleasant and convenient home at the most liberal rates. Special documents will be offered for country customers. Large and small parties will be accommodated at short notice.

ADAMS, BROTHERS,

Middlebury, July 16, 1857.

MIDDLEBURY HOUSE,

—BY—

HARRY MOORE,

Middlebury, Vt.

FREE CARRIAGE to and from the Depot

STAGES for the following places stop and

from this House:

or Lake Champlain, via Cornwall and

Shoreham leaves daily at 7 o'clock A. M.

For Bridport, leaves daily at 4 P. M.

For Bethel, via Ripton and Harroket,

leaves every Tuesday, Thursday and Satur-

day, at 7 o'clock A. M.

POETRY.

The Firm Bank.

Mr. EDITOR.—The following lines were written (I think) by Rev. John Newton, in a time of great excitement in England, caused by the failure of moneyed institutions, and may apply well at this time in our community. C. R.

I have a never-failing bank,—
A more than golden store;
No earthly Bank is half so rich;
How then can I be poor?

'Tis when my stock is spent and gone,
And I without a grain;
I'm glad to hasten to my Bank,
And beg a little loan.

Sometimes my Banker, smiling, says,
Why don't you offer more?
And when I draw a little note,
Why not a larger sum?

Why live so miserably and poor?
Your Bank contains a plenty;
Why come and take a one-pound note,
When you might have a twenty?

Yes, twenty thousand times told
Is but a triding sum;
To what your Father has laid up,
Secure in Christ his Son.

Since then my Banker is so rich,
I have no cause to borrow;
I'll live upon my cash to day,
And draw again to-morrow.

I've been a thousand times before,
And never was rejected;
Sometimes my Banker gives me more
Than I asked for, or expected.

Sometimes I've felt a little proud,
I've spangled things so clever,
But all before the day is gone,
I've left as poor as ever.

Sometimes with blushing in my face,
Just at the door I stand;
I know if Moses kept me back,
I surely must be damned.

Should all the Banks in Britain fail,
The Bank of England smash;
Bring in your notes to Zion's Bank,
You'll surely have your cash.

And if you have but one small note,
Fear not to bring in,
Come boldly to the Bank of Grace;
The Banker is within.

All forged notes will be refused;
Men-marks are rejected;
There's not a single note will pass,
That God has not accepted.

'Tis only those beloved of God,
Redeemed by precious blood,
That never had a note before;
These are the gifts of God.

This Bank is full of precious notes,
All signed, and sealed, and free;
Though many doubting souls may say,
There is not one for me.

Base unbelief will lead the child,
To say what is not true;
I tell the soul that is self-lost,
These notes belong to you.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Sailor's Story of his Conversion.

At one of the recent prayer-meetings in New York city, a sailor rose and narrated to the congregation the circumstances of his conversion. He was a young man, a native of England, with an intelligent face and an impressive manner of speech; and his remarks were received with great attention. He said:

"I am a stranger here, and such a scene as this is one that until very recently, would have been altogether new to me. Nine weeks ago I was converted, and since then have become in some degree familiar with prayer-meetings and church-services, though before that I knew very little of either. I have been a very wicked man, for one so young. I have gone into almost incredible dissipation, and have committed almost every known sin. I can hardly imagine a person to have gone a greater round of wickedness than I. I am the youngest of a large family of children. My father is dead, but my mother is living. She is an old woman, now more than 75 years of age. She is a devoted Christian, and has always tried to bring up her children to be like her, and some of them have followed her example. Several of my brothers and sisters are earnest and sincere Christians, who, with her, have oftentimes at home prayed for my salvation. But I could never endure a single thought of religion. Whenever the subject was mentioned to me, I immediately repelled it, and repelled it often with a horrid oath. The thought that the members of the family prayed for me always made me angry. I was warned against my dissipation but went more into it the I was warned. I grew more and more wicked every day, out of spite, and I tried to be great sinner. At last I determined to leave home. I wanted to get away from the influence of a praying mother. I wanted to be free from all restraints, so that I might indulge myself in whatever I chose, to my own satisfaction. My mother implored me not to go. I told her I was going to sea, and would go. Her eyes filled with tears, and she could say nothing more. With whatever sin I had, I had some love for my mother, and I gave way before her tears. She asked me to promise her that I would never go to sea until I could first obtain her consent. I assented, and remained awhile at home. A young man, who was my companion in dissipation, left England and came to this country, and after he had been here a short time returned in the same ship. He told me that I could enjoy myself grandly if I would go away from home as he had done, and that there was all manner of pleasure in New York. I again determined to go to sea in company with him. My mother, seeing that I was bent on going, could not bear the thought that I should leave without her consent, and so

she gave it. I accordingly made preparations to ship at Liverpool. Just before I started, which was about the first of last December, my mother gave me a sealed letter and a small Bible to put in my trunk and told me not to open the letter until the 21st of December. That was her birthday, when she would be 75 years old. She gave me her blessing, which I shrank from receiving, and I went off. As soon as I got clear of home I felt at liberty. I said to myself, 'Now there will be no one to "pray for me, and I shall be annoyed with Bibles and texts.' I left home without any sadness, but rather with a kind of wicked pleasure; and when I got on board ship, I soon forgot all about mother and brothers and sisters. After we had set sail, and were well on with the voyage, a storm arose that was very violent. Just about this time I was taken very sick—not with sea-sickness, but a dangerous fever. I lay in my bunk, tossing about with the ship, as wretched and miserable as a man could be. The doctor told me that I was at the point of death, and that if I had any preparation to make for eternity I had better make it, for I had not long to live. This he repeated also in the cabin among the passengers, one of whom, an aged man, came to see me. I remember his face; it was all kindness; but I hated the sight of him. He came with a book in his hand, and said to me: "Young man, you are almost gone; I have come to read to you something out of the Word of God." I looked up at him a moment, and said in rage; "Hand me the book;" and when he offered it to me I took it and put it to my lips, and made a solemn oath that I would have nothing to do with God or with religion. I told him that if he read to me I would not listen, and bid him with an oath, to leave me alone. He then went away, and I lay stark alone in my bunk. It seemed to me that I was at that moment more miserable than I had ever been before in all my life; I do not refer to my bodily sickness, but to my distress of mind. It was evening, and there was no light near me, but all was dark as midnight. Suddenly the thought came over my mind that it was the 21st of December, and I remembered my mother's letter. I could not rise and get it, for I was not able, and my first impulse was to call one of my messmates to get it for me. But I remembered that it was between the lids my Bible. I was ashamed to let any one know that I wanted the Bible; and I did not want that, but my mother's letter. I lay for some time, and at last determined to call some one. One of my messmates came at my call. I asked him to get a lantern, and to go to my trunk and get a Bible with a letter in it. "Ah," said he, with a sneer, "Now you're sick, you begin to be a coward; what do you want with that book?" "I don't want that book, but the letter in it," I replied. In a few minutes he brought a lantern, opened my trunk, and handed me the Bible and letter. He then left the lantern on my bunk and went away. I sat up a little in the bed, and opened the sealed package. The very first words that I caught brought tears to my eyes. They were my mother's words—"My dear Tom." I read the letter carefully from beginning to end. It was a mother's prayer for the conversion of her son. I had been miserable before, but these words made me more wretched than ever. I then began for the first time to feel remorse for my sinfulness and to have a fear and dread of judgment. I turned about in my bunk in agony which I cannot describe. I had been told that I could not live, and now I was afraid to die. What could I do? I began to pray! This was what I had always had a horror of before, but I was forced to come to it at last. I prayed to God to let me get well again, and made a solemn promise to Him, on my bed, that if he would only raise me up I would reform my life. The burden of my sins almost crushed me. Even if I had not been sick I seemed as if I should have died of these. I continued to pray, and when it was expected that I would die I was still alive, and I was kept alive, and instead of growing worse I grew better. The doctor told me then, that I had had a narrow escape, and that I had been lying at death's door. As I got better I got more comfort. The light gradually dawned in upon my dark soul, and its darkness was dispelled. At last one day there came a sudden joy—a sweet peace—that wrapped me round like sunshine. My heart was happy, and while I was wondering what it was, the mercy of Christ was made known to me. I felt the consciousness that my sins were pardoned. I began to be stirred with a new life. Whereas before I hated my home, now my heart yearned toward it. My mother—oh, I wanted to see her, and to

put my arms around her neck. I wanted to tell her that I had read her letter and what I had found in it. And my brothers and sisters—I had no more desire to be separated from them, but with my whole soul I longed to see them, and to tell them that I had found the Savior. My joy continued, and I told my shipmates of it. Some of them laughed at me, but I didn't care for that; I knew in whom I believed. At last we came into port; it was on Saturday morning. On the next day I found the Mariners' Church, and, my kind friends, I have been here ever since. I am happy to be here, and can only thank God that He has led me to Himself and has led me to you in so wonderful a way. I am waiting here to go home and see my aged mother. She is very near the grave, and I want to throw myself upon her neck before she dies, and thank her and thank God for her prayers for a wayward son!"

Recent Explorations in Jerusalem.

Ancient Jerusalem is for the most part a buried city. Its ruins lie in some places from twenty to forty feet below the level of the present streets and buildings. According to Josephus, it was perforated with passages in various directions, and marvellous stories are still current among the inhabitants in respect to subterranean galleries and halls beneath their feet. That such passages exist, there can be no doubt and when the time for making excavations without danger from the Moslem authorities shall arrive, we shall probably have new light shed upon the topography of the Holy City. Meantime we must be content with such contributions as eager explorers, under the present unfavorable circumstances are able to make. The most recent of these, and in some respects the most remarkable, are by a Dr. Barclay, Missionary Physician, resident between three and four years in the City of Jerusalem. In his beautifully printed volume entitled "The City of the Great King," recently issued, he has communication which can hardly be too highly valued.

Ever since the Crusaders lost possession of Palestine, Mount Moriah, the sacred elevation or area on which the temple once stood, has been forbidden to Christians. Regarded by the Mahomedans, as the most sacred spot in the whole world next to Mecca, it is jealously guarded against the intrusion of Europeans, and no Christian, except by stealth, or as a special favor, has been allowed to plant his foot within the enclosure where the Savior of the world once stood and taught. Some years since Mr. Catherwood, at the hazard of his life, succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the guards, and gave a more particular description of the area and the building than we possessed before. A few others, also, by special favor, have been admitted, but their opportunities for observation were extremely limited.

It was the good fortune of Dr. Barclay in return for medical services to the architect of the Sultan, appointed to make certain repairs within the enclosure, to be invited to accompany him as an assistant. In this capacity, he examined every part of the area, and took accurate measurements, and the result is an account of this interesting part of the Holy City, more full and reliable than any previous description.

The enclosure itself is a platform containing thirty-six acres, on which stand Mosques and other buildings, while minarets, trees and fountains diversify the scene. The most beautiful of these buildings is the Mosque of Omar, with its graceful dome, beneath which, rising some five feet above the marble floor, is the remarkable rock, sixty feet long by fifty-five feet broad, which is supposed by many to mark the site of the Holy of Holies in the Jewish temple. It is no doubt a portion of the original surface of the hill. But the most important of Dr. Barclay's observations relate to the substructions under the South-east corner of this enclosure. Centuries since, as far back probably as when the Jewish temple was built, the area of Mount Moriah was enlarged by running up on its South-eastern side a high wall from the valley of Jehosaphat. To secure the needed level by filling up the space would have required an immense quantity of earth. Instead of taking this course, the superstructure above was supported by lofty pillars, between which, running from East to West, and from North to South are galleries some of which are more than three hundred feet long. Of these Dr. Barclay has given full and accurate measurements.

It has been long suspected that a quarry exists beneath the North-east quarter of Jerusalem. Hitherto all attempts to discover an entrance have failed. About a couple of years since, a dog, attracted

by the smell of some animal, scratched open a hole beneath the wall just outside of the Damascus gate, which proved to be the long sought entrance. Dr. Barclay and his party, with some difficulty, succeeded in crawling through, and soon came to an immense cave, upwards of three thousand feet in circumference, the vaulted roof of which is supported by great numbers of rude natural pillars. Here it was no doubt that the huge stones which formed the temple wall, were quarried. Being dressed on the spot, as the heaps of chippings which lie about show, the temple might be easily built, as the account in the Scriptures states that it was, with no noise of hammer, axe, or any tool of iron.

Other subterranean passages are known to exist, some of which are described in Dr. Barclay's book, but several remain yet to be explored. But the work has been begun, and will no doubt be followed up as opportunity permits.—Cincinnati Gazette.

A PEEP INTO THE CRIMEAN SOUTHERN NEAR SEPULCHER.—In Dr. McPherson's "Antiquities of Kertch," we find the following interesting narrative:

There was no confusion here. The floor was covered with the same beautiful pebbles. On the niches around, all the objects remained as they had been placed twenty centuries ago. It was a sight replete with interest to survey this chamber; to examine each article as it had been originally placed; to contemplate its use, and to behold the effects of time on us proud mortals. "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return," was exemplified here to the letter. There, in the stillness of this chamber, lay the untried dust of the human frame, possessing still the form of man. The bones had all disappeared, or their outer surface alone remained. The space occupied by the head did not exceed the size of the palm of the hand; yet the position of the features could still be traced on the undisturbed dust. There was the depression for the eyes, the slight prominence of the nose, and the mark of the mouth, the teeth being the only portion of the entire frame which remain unchanged. The folds in which the garments enveloped the body, nay, even the knots which bound them, could be traced on the dust. A few enameled beads were found in the right hand of the dead, and some walnuts in the left; and the green mark of a copper ring, into which a stone had been fixed, was an eye finger. On each niche one body had been placed. The coffin, crumpled into powder, had fallen in. At the head was a glass bottle; one of these still held about a table-spoonful of wine: the nuts and wine being doubtless placed there to cheer and support the soul on its passage to paradise. There was a cup and a lachrymatory of glass, and an unglazed earthenware lamp stood in a small niche above the head. This tomb was sufficiently spacious to permit ten of us to stand upright.

THE LOVE OF HOME.—DANIEL WEBSTER, referring to his own lowly origin and his birthplace, gave utterance to sentiments which did him honor, and which will find a responsive echo in many hearts:

It is only shallow-minded pretenders who make either distinguished origin a matter of personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach. A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition. It did happen to me to be born in a log-cabin, raised among the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist; I make it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, and teach them the hardships endured by the generations before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the narratives and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode: I weep to think that none who then inhabited it, are now among the living; and if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who raised it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all domestic comforts beneath its roof, and through the fire and blood of seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted from the memory of mankind.

—A Spanish proverb says that the Jews ruin themselves at their passovers, the Moors at their marriages, and the Christians at their law-suits.

COVERTURE.—Coverture pretends to heap much together for fear of want; and yet after all his pains and purchase, he suffers that really which at first he feared vainly; and not using what he gets, he makes that suffering to be actual, present, and necessary, which in his lowest condition was but future, contingent, and possible. It stirs up the desire, and takes away the pleasure of being satisfied. It increases the appetite, and will not content it. It swells the principal to no purpose, and lessens the use to all purposes; disturbing the order of nature, and the designs of God: making money not to be the instrument of exchange or charity, nor corn to feed himself or the poor, nor wool to clothe himself or his brother, nor wine to refresh the sadness of the afflicted, nor to his oil to make his own countenance cheerful; but all these to look upon, and to tell over, and to take accounts by, and make himself considerable and wondered at by fools, that while he lives he may be called rich, and when he dies may be accounted miserable, and, like the dish-makers of China, may leave a greater heap of dirt for his nephews, while he himself hath a new lot fallen to him in the portion of Dives. But thus the ass carried wood and sweet herbs to the baths, but was never washed or perfumed himself; he heaped up sweets for others, while himself was filthy with smoke and ashes.

KNEELAND'S INFIDEL COLONY.—A community of Atheists cannot exist. It must change its views, or be dissolved. The well-known Abner Kneeland, who, more than twenty years ago went from Boston to the West, to establish his monstrous system, made a careful experiment at Farmington, Iowa, but utterly failed. A recent visitor to the place says that he formed quite a colony of infidels, and made vigorous efforts to extend his unbelly principles; but now his name is fast falling into oblivion, and but few of his followers survive him. All public infidel meetings have long since been abandoned, and scarce an attempt is now made to uphold the wretched system. Mr. Kneeland's family still reside in the homestead where he died, and still adhere to the principles which he taught them. The immediate neighborhood—which Mr. Kneeland named Salubria, about a mile below Farmington, on the Des Moines River—contains several infidel families; the district school of the neighborhood is under the charge of a Christian teacher.

SOUTHERY'S OPINION OF WOMEN AND MARRIAGE.—Robert Southey, in a chapter on "Marriage," delivers himself as follows:

A man may be cheerful and contented in celibacy, but I do not think he can ever be happy; it is an unnatural state, and the best feelings of his nature are never called into action. The risks of marriage are far greater on the woman's side; women have so little the power of choice that it is not perhaps fair to say they are less likely to choose well than we are; but I am persuaded that they are more frequently deceived in the attachments which they form, and their opinions concerning men are much less accurate than men's opinion of their sex. Now, if a lady were to reproach me for having said this, I should reply that it was only another mode of saying that there are more good wives, in the world than there are good husbands which I verily believe. I know nothing which a good and sensible man is so certain to find, if he looks for it, as a good wife.

SINGULAR FELLOWSHIP.—Mr. Atkinson heard the following story in his Siberian rambles: "Two children, one four and the other six years old, rambling away from their friends who were haying. They had gone from one thicket to another, gathering fruit, laughing and enjoying the fun. At last they came near a bear lying on the grass, and without the slightest apprehension went up to him. He looked at them steadily without moving; at length they began playing with him and mounted upon his back, which he submitted to with perfect good humor. In short, both seemed inclined to be pleased with each other; indeed, the children were delighted with their new play-fellow. The parents missing their trunks, became alarmed, and followed on their track. They were not long in searching out the spot, when to their dismay they beheld one child sitting on the bear's back, and the other feeding him with fruit! They were called away quickly, when the youngster ran to their friends, and Bruin, apparently not liking the interruption went away into the forest."

—Of all the reformers and enthusiasts, no one has done so much to enlarge the sphere of woman as—Hoope.

CAMP LIFE IN COL. JOHNSTON'S UTAH ARMY.—An officer in the Army for Utah writes as follows respecting life in camp:

Some officers have borrowed under ground; some are in log huts and others in tents. I have a tent, conical shape, which admits of building a fire in the centre, after the manner of an Indian lodge. I have a stove, bedstead, table and clothes-rack, for furniture. My bedstead is made of two rough horses, with two boards transversely placed, surmounted by a huge pile of old worn out comforters, blankets and buffalo robes, which I call my bed. My carpet is the undressed hide of slaughtered beaver. My stove is conical, like my tent, and the smoke leaves at the apex. Wash-stand, three sticks set in the ground so as to catch a tin-pail, which I call a basin, in the interval.—Clothes-rack is made of two notched sticks in the ground, with another laid across them. My saddles, bridles, &c., hang upon one of similar construction, but of smaller dimensions. Trunks, boxes, &c., make the whole look comfortable and cozy. Then my chairs are the cushioned seats of the ambulance in my train. Now, imagine a half-dozen sitting in a circle around the little stove, and you have the interior of my house provided you notice every one with a pipe in his mouth, and a dense volume of smoke making its way to the aperture at the top. * * *

SOILING STOCK.—A gentleman in Sunderland, Mass., furnishes the following testimony as to the value of Egyptian millet for soiling purposes:

"The Chinese sugar cane has been talked largely of for soiling purposes. I made thirty gallons of thick sirup, and have also tried it for fodder for the past year, but cannot recommend it for that purpose. I can, however, recommend something far superior to cane, corn, or anything else that I know of, viz: Egyptian Millet. Two years since I fed what grew on ten rods to five cows for a period of six weeks. It increased their milk sensibly. We estimated the increase of butter made in consequence, at \$10, or one dollar a rod. I can recommend it to all such as keep up any stock during the summer, or have short pastures, as it comes just in the time the dry weather usually begins and feed is short. The past season I fed the Millet to a yearling bull which was kept up all the summer, and in about four months gained 320 lbs., or two and one-third pounds daily. It grows from eight to ten feet high, and when two and a half or three feet high should be cut and fed. It immediately springs up from the old roots. Three crops can be obtained in a season. Can commence to cut the last of July or the first of August. Horses, pigs and all kinds of stock eat it with the greatest relish. I obtained the seed while travelling at the South, and was informed by those who were acquainted with it, that ten rods sown to the Millet would keep a cow."

AN INGENIOUS DUTCHMAN.—The Detroit Advertiser says that officer Jay, of that city, a few mornings since received information that a German residing on the line of the D. & M. Railway, within the city limits, had constructed a car, which he was in the habit of placing on the track at night, and running out into the country a few miles, where he loaded it with wood which he would bring into town, and offer for sale the next day in the streets. On learning these facts, Mr. Jay proceeded to investigate the matter. He went to the part of the track where it was said the German lived, and discovered tracks of the wheels in the snow. These he traced to the door of a little house, and found the car concealed under a shed. He went in and explained the object of his visit, concluding by telling the man not to put the thing on the track again. The old man didn't exactly see the force of the reason assigned by the officer, that he ran the risk of throwing trains off the track, but he agreed to do as he was ordered.

Mr. Jay examined the car, and found it to be a very ingenious contrivance. It was built entirely of wood, except the rims of the wheels, which are sheet-iron. The boxes in which the axles ran, were simply holes in the frame, lined with pork rinds. The whole thing, with the exception of the wheel frames, was so constructed that it could be taken apart and piled up in the owner's shed. He has been in the habit of running the car for some time making a trip every night. It would take